

An American Story Full of the Romance and Mystery of the East.

A STRANGE, WEIRD, FASCINATING STORY OF LOVE AND HATE, TOLD IN ANOV EL MANNER, VIVID IN THE PICTURING OF **EXCITING SITUATIONS.**

Full of Virility and Dramatic Power, Stiring and Effective, Charming and Exciting.

THE READER FEELS THAT HE IS MORE THAN A SPECTATOR OF THE EVENTS AND TAKES A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THE UNFOLDING OF THE PLOT.

A Masterly Tale By America's Leading Author, Julian Hawthorn.

"My brother knows more about gyp-

sies than I do," he said. "He once lived

among them for several months. If you

are interested in them, you might learn

"He has lived among them!" she ex-

claimed. "He never told me so. And l

thought," she added, with what seemed

the lightest intonation of irony, "thathe

Poor John! This did not promise well

for the chances of Sinfire becoming Mrs.

Mainwaring. But this assurance that

wealth and ambition were not what Sin-

fire sought only tended to substantiate

the theory that was doubtfully taking

form in the wizard's mind. He now pro-

ceeded to spring his trap, perceiving that

"We are not speaking of the same per-son," he said. "I expect him here in a

he should take her wholly at unawares.

"My brother, Henry Mainwaring."

"Ah!" said Sinfire in a low tone. But

her hands turned cold and slipped from

her companion's clasp.

After all, I am still in doubt. But

henceforth who shall dare affirm that

CHAPTER VI.

I am more of a wizard than I had my-

When I told Sinfire three days since

chances were about 10,000 to 1 that he

would not. The truth is I was merely

trifles light as air-had suggested to my

mind the notion that Sinfire and Henry

had already met perhaps in India, and

that their meeting had not been without

taking into consideration Sinfire's beauty

and the power of fascination of both of

that they might have fallen desperately

So far, so good; there would be no par-

that was questionable, for if it were prob-

er. They had separated, and the fickle-

ness of Henry's disposition made me sur-mise that Sinfire had not been the one to

blame. In other words, I feared that he had abandoned her. Whether his wrong

had stopped there I had no means of

knowing. I could only hope-and be-

lieve in lack of proof to the contrary-

that he had not shown himself a villain.

Yet there was that in Sinfire's bearing-

assuming my theory to have some foun-

dation-that seemed to point to an ex-

perience much deeper and more tragic

than the mere jilting of a handsome girl

Her misfortune, if she had been unfor-

very transparency-so to call it-of her

expression, which, like the transparent

sky, concealed within its depths all mys-

teries-these things, and still more her

abrupt and practically unexplained ap-

pearance among us, impressed me as tes-

timony to her being the victim but not

the resigned victim of some grave injus-

tice. She purposed to right herself, or if

that could not be to avenge herself, and

to that end had she come to Cedarcliffe.

there was something more. I did not believe that Sinfire was the daughter of

my uncle. I believed her to be of gypsy

blood. How she came to know anything

of my uncle's affairs, and how she came

by his letter, I could only conjecture,

but the problem was not insoluble. It

was harder to account for her cultiva-

tion, her perfect manners and her famil-

iarity with the ways of society, but great

natural tact and intelligence, joined to

an unfaltering purpose, can accomplish

miracles, and, moreover, there might be

(and indeed must be) circumstances in

her past life, of which I know nothing

at present, that would partly explain it.

pretend to fathom. But let us recapitu-late the situation as I conceive it at pres-

Sinfire is a gypsy who at some time, in some way, has been brought into re-

lations with polite society and learned its ways. Either before or after this time she met my brother Heary, and they fell in love with each other. After the affair had gone a certain length, be it more or less, Heary deserted her. Her

acquaintance with him had brought her

into contact with my uncle, whom Hen-

ry perhaps was staying with. After Henry left her she attached herself to my uncle, he being childless, or having lost his children, and a widower, and won

At his death he left her what small property he had and gave her the letter which she brought to us, he being

prompted thereto, let us say, by a knowledge of the wrong done her and a desire to see it righted. She came to us, ex-

Still there is an enigma here that I don't

Such was my line of argument. And

by a thoughtless fellow.

in love with each other.

Dr. Frank Mainwaring is not romantic?

much from him."

few days."

self imagined.

had told me all he knew,"

"You expect-whom?"

SYYOPSIS.

CHAPTER I-Dr. Frank Mainwaring, a todent and recluse, lives on the family estates at Cedarcliffe with his mother and eldest brother, John. Another brother, Henry, is roving abroad The Mainwarings are Americanized English people, and the estate, with an income of \$60,000 a year, is subject to the laws of primogeniture. II-Miss Sinfire Forestal, a hitherto unheard of niece of Mrs. Mainwaring, arrives at Cedarcliffe from England, bringing a letter from her tather written on his deathbed and committing the girl to the care of his American relatives Sinfire

III-Si fire betrage a deep interest in the absent Henry Mainwaring, and John becomes infatuated with his beautiful cousin. An accident reveals to Dr. Frank Mainwaring that John has the heart disease, and the ownership of Cedarcliffe may change at any moment. IV-Sinfire becomes a mystery in the Mainwaring household. John makes a confident of Frank and acknowledges his love for her. He declares that he will shoot any rival who thwarts him and asks Frank's aid in finding out whether her heart is free or otherwise,

The fiotes died away, the tonmril left the player's lips, and Saprani sank nerveless on the Indian carpet. Then with gentle, caressing tones he spoke to her and drew her toward him with his hands. She yielded herself, obedient and drooping. He lifted her and laid her softly about his neck. Her chilly coils touched his cheek, and her head, drowsy and deadly, hung down upon his forehead. The charmer turned to his visitor, looked in her eyes and smiled. During this scene she had neither spoken nor moved. She still leaned forward with clasped hands and gaze intent.

But as the spell of the incantation subsided she drew a deep breath, answered his smile and murmured, "Yes, you have conquered death."

"You must often have seen stranger sights in India," said he, carefully unwinding the somnolent cobra from his neck. "The masters of the art are there. I am an amateur only and self taught." nch power cannot be taught," replied the girl. "You were born Saprani's

master, and she recognizes you." "But I can delegate the power," said the other. "Saprani is the friend of all who are friends to me."

"Is she my friend?" asked the girl in a

"That is known to you better than to

me," was the roply.

She threw back her silken shawl, and stretching out her firm round arm laid her hand unhesitatingly upon Saprani's folds as she lay in her master's arms.

But the queen of serpents was not so deep in slumber or in apathy as she seemed. At the touch of that slender hand a strong quiver ran through her, as a woman might shudder at the contact of something she feared or hated. But with Saprani to hate was to resent. Swiftly as the eye could follow the movement her black neck rose and drew back and was launched forward again at Sinfire's unprotected bosom.

But swifter yet was the movement of the charmer's hand, which caught the angry cobra just below the head and with-held the fatal stroke. The next moment Saprani was in her cage, and the screen of glass had slid into its place. Then the chariner returned to his visitor. She had risen to her feet. As he came

toward her she laughed lightly, but laid her hand over her heart. "You were not touched?" he asked quickly.

"No, but in that moment I made a long journ y-away and back again. Death is a remote country—to be so near! Well, Saprani does not seem to believe in our friendship, Cousin Frank."

"I will not ask you to forgive her. I need all your forgiveness for myself for having exposed you to such a danger." "You saved my life, and life is perhaps the most formidable of dangers," she replied, smiling again. "But I thank you none the less. And Saprani is a superb creature. I bear her no grudge.

She is jealous of her master." "She has shown that I am not her master. I shall not need the hint a sec-

"Perhaps she perceives some harm to you in our acquaintance which you and are still unconscious of. They are mysterious beings-sarpents!"

"Nothing but good can come from you to me, Sinfire, though you are more mysterious than Sagrani." "I mysterious? Ch. Cousin Frank, you

wish to make game of me!" "You are a mystery from your name onward," he repeated, taking her hands in his and looking in her eyes. "You are no cousin of mine. Your ancestors had been civilized a thousand years when ours were eating shellfish and shooting flint arrows on the lagoons of Europe. 1 speak as a scientific man, as an ethnologist and a physiognomist. Sinfire, you

are a gypsy!"

As he said the last words the man of science felt the pulse leap in her deli-cate wrists. These organic symptoms cannot easily be controlled, though, on the other hand, nothing is easier than to misinterpret them. She instantly laughed and said: "You are a wizard! I have always thought there must be Romany blood in me. And I can tell fortunes."

There was no tremor in her voice, nor did the color deepen in her cheeks. But the wizard resolved to try his luck once to force him to come to terms—either to

marry her or to account to ber in some manner. She would even be expable of stabbing him through the heart if it should come to that. Such was the as-

pect of my theory at the time of our in-terview in the laboratory.

The result of that interview, so far as it had any result, was to confirm me in the leading points of my theory that she was a gypsy and that Henry was no stranger to her. It was not conclusive, but it was certainly not contradictory of these hypotheses. It would involve the disappointment of John's hopes, and it would complicate my own attitude to-ward Sinfire. Ought I to expose her as an adventuress? No. For two reasons—first, that it is not absolutely certain that she is one; secondly, that even if she be all I imagine she still has human rights of her own, and the affair is Henry's rather than mine. If it came to an open trial, I could almost bring myself on general principles to espouse her cause against Henry, my best beloved brother though he is.

But here is another point. She must be aware of my suspicious of her. Will she refuse to allude to them, or will she speak to me openly? If she does speak, trusting to my friendship for her, what should I do? I must either brutally cast her off or become involved in her intrigue against the rest of the family. That would be a strange predicament for a retiring, unaggressive man of science like myself, and there is no telling where it might land us. I greatly prefer to stick to my time honored role of onleaker. But if I do intend to expose her it would be much easier to do so now, before any irrevocable words have passed between us, than after she has thrown herself on my bonor. If she surrenders me her sword, I cannot turn it against her. And yet, if not against her, it must be for her.

What is the matter with me? My will as well as my judgment seems paralyzed. I can adopt neither the active nor the passive course. I feel as if changes were going on within me or were at hand. A few weeks ago, I recollect, my longing was for an awakeningsomething to good me out of the torpor that was benumbing me. Is it the first faint prick of the goad that I feel now, or am I about to relapse into a torpor more deathlike than before? One thing or the other will happen, I am sure, but standing here at the parting of the ways I can hardly say which course I incline

WLy should I bother my head about it? When the time comes, although I shall seem to make a free choice, I shall do as has been predestined from the beginning. The conditions and events of one's past life determine his present action. What has been steers one round toward what is to be. In this sense we are creatures of fate.

Nevertheless the future remains unknown. And that fact, which seems a disadvantage to ps, is in reality our sole weapon against blind necessity, for if we saw all beforehand we should be defeated before the struggle began, but as it is the surprise of the unforeseen may sometimes stimulate us to act above oursclves.



Then I stood in the dining room door and saw Henry sitting at the table.

Well, then, I will cease to prophesy what may happen during the next few days or weeks. But I set out to record a piece of news which has an important bearing on the situation. The other evening as I entered the house by the veranda I heard a masculine voice talking, in the dining room. It was not John's voice. I felt myself grow hot and cold. And then I stood in the dining tunate at all, could have been no trivial | room door and saw Henry sitting at the one. Her self possession, her reserve, the

CHAPTER VII.

My chief regret is that I was not present when Henry and Sinfire met. To one who knew what to look for, as I did, that could not have failed to reveal something. But when I came in the meeting had already taken place, and Sinfire had retired to her room. "She is always so thoughtful-so much tact," mother remarked, "She fancied we could talk more freely with Henry if she were not present, though really I look upon her as quite a member of the family, apart from her being my niece."

All the time that Henry and I were exchanging our greetings and congratulations and our first questions and answers I was speculating about him and Sinfire. He has been changed, improved and also in some respects injured by his life in the world, but on the whole he appears more improved and less injured than might have been anticipated. His being 30 years old instead of 25 is enough of itself to account for a great deal. The youthful outlines of his face have matured. It is the face of a good humored man of the world, somewhat unprincipled and reckless perhaps, but what is called a thorough good fellow, and then there is that gleam of genius in his eyes and in some of his unconscious manifestations that must always mark a difference between him and the type to which he otherwise belongs.

Yet it is easy to see that his physical and social nature—the life of the senses and external faculties-has been too much for his genius. His spiritual intui tions have never gained control of him. He has done nothing but "have a good time" or aim to have it. The pictures he might have painted, the books he might have written, the music he might have composed, are all in the limbo of the anborn. It is a great pity, though I don't think Henry himself is oppressed by any regrets on that score. He probably thinks he could set to work, if he chose,

and produce a masterpiece at any mo-ment. But the time for that possibility is gone by. He has taken his final direc-tion, though he may not know it.

In some respects he is already an older man than either John or I. There are lines about his mouth and at the corners

And during the 24 hours that he has been with us I notice that he not only smokes constantly, but that he drinks altogether too much. He does not drink as John does—until be is drunk and done with it. He is never drank, but he is always taking "nips" of brandy from his pocket flask, and I farey he empties it at east twice a day. Nevertheless, barring a little nervous disorder, his health seems fairly sound. The congenital cheerfulness of his disposition is doubtless a

great sanative agency. Meantime he is as handsome as the heart of woman could desire. If his traits of either mind or body were a bit less masculine than they are, he would be too handsome-a mere lady's man, But whatever clse may be said about Henry, he is a man-a thorough male creature. There is not a feminine fiber in him. Even the tenderness that ever and anon informs his tone and manner is of a wholly musculine quality. His voice is a sort of saufited bass as uncommenss it is winning, and his hough is irresistibly humorous and contegious. I wish nature had given me such a laugh.

In figure he is well set up-rot too tallbut one can see he is less athletic than he was four years ago. In every aspect he has distinction—the mark of agentle man. One feels certain as soon as one sets eyes on him that under no possible circumstances could be be guilty of a low bred or vulgar manifestation. And yet he could forsake a woman.

Sinfire being out of the room, John tramped restlessly up and down smoking a cigar (which of late he has substituted for his pipe) and putting an occasional word into the conversation, while mother sat by looking more like a Rem brandt than ever, listeming, inquiring and complacent, with a bit of embroidery in her hands. Henry sat in an easy chair, careleasly but familiessly dressed, talking easily and picturesquely, addressing himself now to one, now to another, making scene after scene rise before us, often vielding to that delicious laugh. But I could not help wondering all the time whether his thoughts were with us at all or with what he was saying. Were they not with that dark haired girl up stairs, and was he glad or sorry or apprehen-Surprised I was sure he must be, and I did not believe he could be indif-

[TO BE CONTINUED.] STEPHENSPORT.

Dr. D. White went to Tobinsport Fri-

Mrs. Frank C. Ferry went to Louisville Tuesday.

Some weddings here soon, so says known. Madam Rumor.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bennett, of Owensboro, are in town.

New baby at Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Adkisson's. Girl, age not known.

Misses Ada M. Hanks and Emma Moseley are home from their schools. Mr. J. W. Jarrett, and son, Master Gorver, were in Cloverport Saturday. How is this last spell for Florida

weather? [Here, here now, hu-s-s-s-sh. -Ed.] Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Hawkins, of

Union Star, are now with her mother, Mrs. Wm. Petitt. Miss Bettie Allen, Lula Askins, Laura

Stiles and Mrs. McDonald were in Cloverport last week for a day. Mrs. Thos. Bremmit, who has been attending the meeting. ith her sister, Mrs. Jas. Bigg , left Sat

urday for Illinois to join her husband. Jesse H. Miller, of Cloverport, was in town a few days ago with a smile, word and nod for everybody-you know he is a cancidate. Mrs. Flora McDonald, of Kapsas, who

has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. "Dot" Stiles, will return home some time this week

Afte, having taught a successful, and to all a satisfactory term, Proff's Owen | ing the meeting. 'unningham and L R. Adkisson's school closes to morrow, (Thursday.) Spring term will open in a few weeks.

The candidates in this community are as follows: County Judge, J. W. Jarret, (Dem.), E. H. Miller, (Rep.); County lerk, Owen Cunningham, (Rep.); Jailr, Gus. Shellman, (Rep.), Peter Lyons, Dem.); Deputy Assessor, L. R. Adkisson, (Dem.) That they will all be successful is a fact-now-can't say how it will be in a few weeks.

The great success that Gen. Basil Duke is making of the Southern magazine is evidence of the high opinionentertained of his writings, as well as proof of his excellent taste in the selection and arrangement of the material of this delightful periodical.



A Peculiar Case

Periodic Attacks of Neuralgia In the Eyes.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "I write to say that I have been a sufferer for four years with neuralgia in the eyes. The pains were very severe at night, causing me to suffer winter and summer alike. Sometimes a month would lapse between spells, then I would be

Troubled Every Week, especially if I was up at night. I am a man of regular habits, 42 years of age, and employed for the past seven years by Heath, Springs & Co., well-known merchants and bankers of this place

Hood's 3arsarija Cures
and Cainden. I bought a supply of Hood's Sarsaparilla, used four bottles and believe I am
cured." W. J. Long, Lancaster, South Carolina.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restor-ing the peristallic action of the alimentary canal.

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medicine you need is the old reliable tonic and blood-purifier,

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will cure you

EKRON.

Mr. I. N. Neafus went to Louisville Wednesday night. Mr. Frank Board spent a few days in

Louisville last week. Mr. W. J. Shacklett left for Lexington

Monday to attend the State College. The candy pulling at Dr. Warfield's Thursday night was enjoyed by all who

were present. Very unexpected news reached here Friday morning of the death of Dr. P. B. Anderson, of Guston,

Mr. Dick Wrather and wife, of Irvingon, were here Friday the guests of Mr. Jake Kendall and wife.

Mr. B. Kendall went to West Point Monday to purchase lumber for the finishing of his new house. Mr. Dan R. Enlaw, of Louisville, who

has been painting Mr. Blant Shacklett's hause, returned to the city Friday night. Rev. Frank Quinn, of Louisville, stop-

ped here Friday night on his way to Walnut Grove to fill his regular appointment there. The last few days make us think win-

day night. The colored people of Ekron and vicinity had the misfortune to lose their church and school house Tuesday night by fire. The origin of the fire is not

Mr. J. W. Kendall, our reliable blacksmith, and Jake Kendall, our livery stable man, have formed a partnership. We can say to all who may have work for these gentleman, in either business, you can rely upon having it done prompt-

MT. JOSEPH.

The public school at this place closed Saturday.

Mr. Jeff Hawkins, of Tobinsport, was here Sunday. Mrs. Jas. Tinius is on the sick list at

this writing. Capt. Wm. Ahl, of Cloverport, attended church here Sunday.

Miss Ray Dyer, of Cloverport, is here

sie Cox, Tobinsport, Sunday. The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. J. Miller is quite sick at this writing. Al Adams, Tobinsport, was here Sun-

day, circulating among the young ladies. Misses Nannie and Auroea Adams, Tobinsport, attended church at this place Tuesday night.

Mr. Mark Newton, Hardinsburg, is visiting his parents at this place and attend-

Mr. Reuben Reynolds, who has been ill with pneumonia fever for several days is improving.

Mr. Frank Carter, of Irvington, visited als uncle Mr. R. S. Carter at this place Saturday and Sunday.

Messers Chas. and Wm. Tinius were the guests of Misses Bertha and Lorena Hawkins saturday night. Mrs. Chas. Tinius who has been quite

ill with lagrippe the past two weeks, we are glad to know is improving. Mr. J. J. Dyer, Cloverport, visited his

daughter, Mrs. Jessie Tinius, and attended church at this place Saturday and Sunday. Miss Nora Shumate, who taught the

public school at this place, returned to her home near Guston Sunday, accompanied by her sister Mrs J. A. Heston. At last the good people of this place bave met and organized a Sabbath school. We hope that all who love good society will take an interest in it and may God

Miss Maggie Ahl, of Cloverport, visited relatives and friends here a few days last week. Come back again Miss Maggie, for there is some one here who would be more than pleased to see you but be sure and bring a ball of twine with you for it takes lots to tie up a good sized bundle and make a fellow a pair of shoe

The protra-ted meeting at this place conducted by Rev. Shelly, of Cloverport, which has been in progress since last Monday night grows more and more interesting. Up to this writing there has been some fifteen or twenty conversions and nine additions to the church. May the good work go on until all that are not on the road to that upper and better land will turn away from their sins and seek Jesus Christ while they have an opportunity and pefore it is everlastingly too late.

Will Is Well Liked.

Rev. Cashman, of Owensboro, is as sisting Rev. Barrett in a meeting at this place. Quite an interest is being taken and apparently much good will result. Rev. Cashman has accumulated a host of friends here, and his superiors, as emoassadors of God, are few.-Pat sville orrespondent in Hancock Clarion.

The greatest remedy extant for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hoarse-ness, Bronchitis, La Grippe and Whooping Cough is "C, C," "Certain Cough Cure."

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What THE TIMES believes in:

Federal taxation imposed in the interest of
the Government and of the whole people, not
for the restriction of trade and the benefit of
the few; an honest dollar that the hand of
tall may receive without loss and pay over without same; a liberal expenditure for pen-sions to veterans who need and deserve thom, and to no others; the Democratic Party as a better instrumentality of popular government than the Republican; and in keeping that

party true to its sims under sound leadership.

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